

Education by YumeArashi

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Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: (OT3 off screen), Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Jonathan and Steve learn about how gay sex works (and put the ideas into practice, of course)

Education

Author's Note:

Inspired by a conversation with [Kirinin](#) about how exactly two boys in small-town Indiana would learn about the mechanics of gay sex.

Also dedicated to [14winters](#), hope this makes your lousy day better!

They picked a weekend where Steve's parents were out of town on a business trip (a common occurrence) and Nancy was out of town visiting her grandparents (far less so). Steve had taken advantage of his allowance and lack of parental oversight to send away for the books - god only knew how he'd even known what to buy, Jonathan wasn't asking. But he had them, and had agreed to wait for a good time to read them together (and theoretically, put the ideas therein into action).

It was odd, Jonathan thought, to feel so tense and embarrassed as they headed up to Steve's room. It wasn't as though they hadn't done anything together. Hands and mouths had been put to good use. But the idea of learning about this, of finding out what else was possible, of doing something more than their usual eager but uneducated fumbblings - it had him as anxious as he was excited.

The settled on the bed, Steve casually throwing an arm around Jonathan's shoulders and pulling him in to settle comfortably close, and began reading.

As they worked their way through the pages, their faces grew increasingly flushed, their expressions varying between intrigue, incredulity, embarrassment, and naked hunger.

"So..." Steve said with an awkward attempt at being suave as he set aside the finished book, "Wanna give it a shot?"

Jonathan didn't need to ask which 'it' Steve meant. In all honesty, he wasn't sure how he felt about it - it sounded weird, however good it was supposed to feel. But he was game for at least giving it a try.

“Yeah, all right. But before we do anything like that I should probably....um...clean up,” he mumbled.

Steve grinned. “We could take a shower together. The one in my folks’ bathroom is big enough for a whole party.” He leaned over and murmured in Jonathan’s ear. “Make cleaning up a lot of fun, all that steam and slick soap.”

Jonathan blushed, but nodded eagerly. He let Steve lead the way, eyes widening when he saw the bathroom. Steve hadn’t exaggerated the size of the shower stall, and there was an equally outsized tub that had a fireplace in the wall beside it.

“We should use the tub sometime too,” Steve commented, following Jonathan’s gaze. “When Nancy’s back, though. The three of us cuddled up in there with a fire in the fireplace, getting frisky, relaxing in the hot water after - good times.”

“Yeah, definitely,” Jonathan agreed. He was often uncomfortable with the level of luxury Steve’s home embodied, but he had to admit that sounded awfully nice.

“For now, though...” Steve smirked and stripped down. Jonathan watched admiringly before pulling off his own clothes. In spite of Steve and Nancy’s frequent reassurances (both in word and deed) that they found him attractive, Jonathan still felt like he didn’t measure up. At least, he reflected wryly as he joined Steve under the spray, he was starting to accept that they thought he did, however little sense it made to him.

“C’mere,” Steve murmured, pulling him close and kissing him. Jonathan relaxed into the embrace, happily returning the kiss.

“Let me, okay?” Steve said hopefully, reaching for the soap.

“Sure, I guess. I mean, if you want.” Jonathan said, not quite sure why Steve would want to but amenable nonetheless.

Steve hummed happily as he soaped up his boyfriend’s body, paying lingering attention to every inch, every joint of his fingers and curve of his ears. Jonathan leaned against the warm tile, not sure whether

to be incredibly relaxed or incredibly aroused by the attention - a dilemma that was resolved as Steve's hands dipped below his waist.

Not to be outdone, Jonathan grabbed another bar of soap and made up for lost time, less thorough in washing Steve but making up for it in eagerness. It wasn't long before he was mirroring Steve's movements, both pairs of impatient hands exploring soap-slick, sensitive skin.

"You're gonna make me come," Jonathan warned breathlessly.

"So?" Steve grinned. "I'll just get you hard again."

Jonathan groaned, trying to hold back.

Steve smirked and leaned close. "And again and again, as many times as we want, until you're so fucked out you're shooting blanks."

Jonathan gasped a curse as he spilled over Steve's hand.

"Fuck, I never get tired of watching that," Steve said admiringly.

Jonathan gave him a look and reached for the sensitive spot they'd found behind Steve's balls, the pressure enough to push Steve over the edge himself, shameless in his pleasure.

"God, you're good," Steve said happily, bypassing Jonathan's hypersensitive groin and leaning down to wash his boyfriend's feet and legs.

"You don't have to do that, you know."

Steve kissed Jonathan's hip. "I want to."

Jonathan returned the favor, wanting things to be fair. It was a bit of a challenge to focus on that, however, with Steve having apparently decided to kiss every bit of Jonathan's skin he could reach. As soon as Jonathan had finished watching him Steve sank to his knees, looking up at his boyfriend with a wicked grin.

"You're gonna kill me," Jonathan predicted with a groan.

“Yeah but you’ll love every second of it,” Steve smirked.

As Steve put his mouth to excellent use, his hands kneaded and caressed Jonathan’s ass, working gradually toward his entrance. Jonathan dimly heard the pop of a bottle cap and wondered when Steve had grabbed the lotion.

Steve pulled away for a moment, looking up at Jonathan, his expression serious. “If you don’t like it, tell me to stop, okay? I don’t care if we don’t go through with this, we can always do other stuff instead and I’d rather do something we *both* enjoy. I know you don’t usually like to talk or anything while we’re doing it, but I need to know if you’re okay with it, you know? Can you talk to me, let me know how it feels? Please?”

Jonathan’s expression softened, and he brushed Steve’s sopping hair out of his face. “Yeah, I can do that. Thanks.”

Steve gave him a distinctly relieved grin and went back to distracting Jonathan. He did such a good job, in fact, that Jonathan hardly cared when Steve’s first finger slid in. It wasn’t until Steve looked up at him through his lashes that Jonathan even remembered he was supposed to be providing feedback. “It’s fine,” he said breathlessly. “Little weird but as long as you keep doing that with your mouth I really don’t give a damn.”

Steve gave a muffled chuckle, the motion making Jonathan whine and arch his hips. He slid the finger carefully in and out, rotating it a little.

“Still okay,” Jonathan told him. “You can use two.”

Steve added more lotion and did so, slow and careful and watching Jonathan’s expression for any kind of discomfort.

“Little pressure but it doesn’t hurt,” Jonathan told him, his hands combing restlessly through Steve’s wet hair. “I’m good to keep going.”

Steve nodded carefully. He slid them in and out, twisting and scissoring them to stretch the tight muscle.

“Okay, really weird,” Jonathan squirmed. “But don’t stop, I’m all right. Just...weird.”

Steve hummed agreement, making Jonathan whimper. He pulled back enough to lick at the hot skin and flick it with his tongue, curving his fingers forward a little. He noticed a slight bump on Jonathan’s inner walls - then blinked as Jonathan came again with a hoarse shout of surprised pleasure, all over Steve’s hair and face.

“Oh god, sorry,” Jonathan mumbled, mortified, reaching down to clean Steve up.

Steve grinned and licked his lips. “Hey, it’s cool. I mean, I *did* ask you to let me know how you were feeling. Pretty sure that qualifies.”

“You’re an idiot, Steve Harrington,” Jonathan muttered, but without any real heat.

“You love me though,” Steve smirked, wiggling the two fingers still buried in Jonathan’s ass and making him gasp.

“Damn lucky I do,” Jonathan groaned, his length already twitching again.

“I’ll say,” Steve grinned. “One more finger?”

“Yeah, okay,” Jonathan agreed, without the previous wariness. He took a deep breath as Steve added the other finger. “Okay, I can really feel that, it’s...it’s not pain, not quite, and I definitely don’t want you to stop, but...maybe distraction would be good.”

“Anything for you, Johnny-boy,” Steve agreed, bowing his head to take the stiffening flesh in his mouth again. It took a minute or two for Jonathan to relax again, but with patience - and a few more crooks of Steve’s fingers to hit that sensitive spot - Jonathan was soon squirming in eagerness rather than discomfort.

“The book said three, right? So I should be ready?” he asked impatiently, making Steve chuckle.

“Should be,” he agreed. “God knows I am. Still wanna do this?”

"Hell yes," Jonathan agreed, turning to face the warm tile.

"We need to do this face to face next time," Steve mused as he slicked himself with the lotion.

"When it's your turn to play catcher we can do anything you like," Jonathan told him, a little hesitantly, unsure whether Steve would want to do this both ways.

But Steve just gave him a sunny grin. "Sounds good," he told Jonathan, lining himself up and beginning to push in.

"Slow, slow," Jonathan gasped. "You're a lot bigger than three fingers."

Steve - who was already not hurrying, despite the effort it took to hold back - immediately slowed even more. "Too much? Want to stop?"

"No, I'll be okay, I just...gotta adjust."

"Okay, babe, tell me if you change your mind though. I promise, I'll stop the second you tell me you're not okay, even if I'm two seconds from getting off."

"You're so good to me," Jonathan murmured, turning his head for a kiss which Steve gladly obliged. Steve continued to spread kisses over Jonathan's neck and shoulders, rubbing the wet bare skin with his free hand as he slowly pressed inside, groaning at the feeling.

They both took a deep breath when Steve was fully seated, and Steve was already nodding as Jonathan asked for a minute to get used to the feeling. He continued his affectionate touches and kisses, kneading Jonathan's shoulders, and Jonathan slowly relaxed beneath his hands.

"God, you feel amazing, Jonathan, so fucking tight and hot, I hope I feel this good for you when it's your turn to fuck me," Steve said blissfully.

"You feel...big," Jonathan said breathlessly, causing them both to give a quickly aborted chuckle. "Getting used to it, though. You can

move if you want, just take it slow.”

Steve nodded and gave another kiss, carefully pulling back and pressing in again. He tried to aim for that sensitive spot, tricky as that was.

Jonathan shuddered beneath him, his body clenching almost painfully tight around Steve’s length. “Okay, starting to see why people enjoy this.”

Steve grinned and nipped at Jonathan’s shoulder, gradually picking up his pace. There was no doubt now that Jonathan was feeling pleasure instead of pain, which was just as well since his words trailed off into incoherent moans and whimpers as he arched and pressed back against Steve, wordlessly eager for more.

Steve was more than happy to oblige him, a constant stream of praise and profanity falling from his lips as he thrust, praying he could hold off until Jonathan’s pleasure hit. He reached around Jonathan’s hip to help him along, his other hand ready to clamp around the base of his own length if that’s what it took to hold out.

He managed - but only just, and Jonathan’s body clamping down as he came was the final straw for Steve. They slumped together against the wall of the shower, panting and euphoric.

“I have never been so glad,” Steve managed after a minute, “that this house has a big damn water heater.”

Jonathan laughed.